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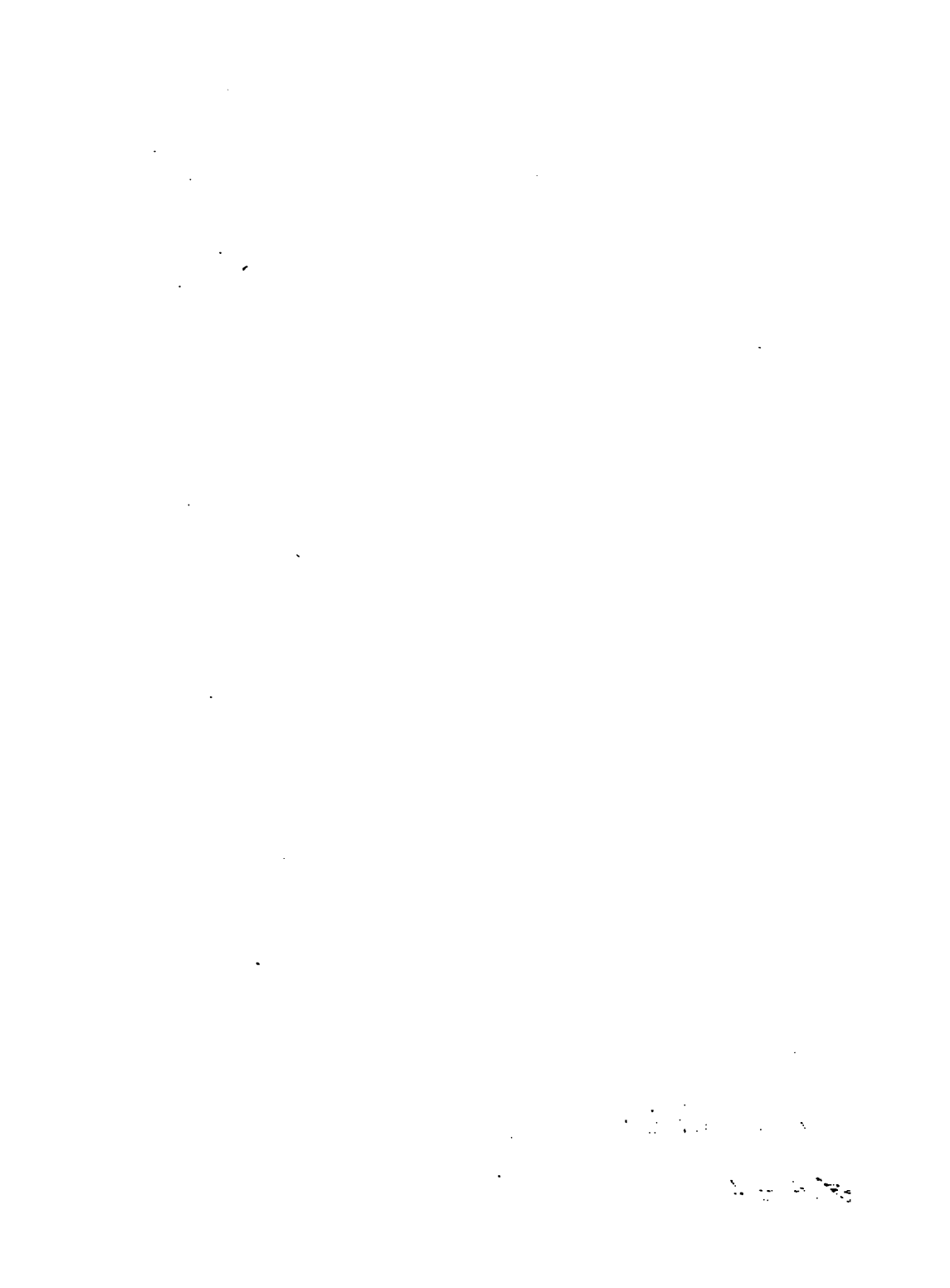
Toyls
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Idylls of the **Beautiful**

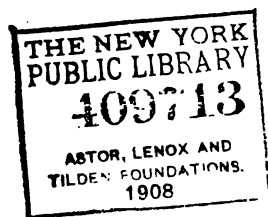


J. Morriston Thomas, Ph. D.



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To the Four Pillars of
Earth's Paradise:—
My Father and
My Mother;
Edith Wynne Thomas, and
The Rev. B. G. Newton.



Prefatory Note.

ALMOST all that has been written in relation to "THE BEAUTIFUL" is of an academic character. When we consider the universality of the emotion, it is strange that the treatment of the sense of beauty should have been so largely relegated to the scholastic and the philosopher.

At the request of some friends in whose hearts the following rather unconventional interpretation has awakened what, to me, was certainly an unexpected response, I have with much pleasure, and at the same time great misgiving, proceeded to present it in this form.

J. M. T.

Nov. 26, 1907.

Newark, Ohio.

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"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness: but will still keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing,
Therefore, on every morrow, we are wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

Keats: Endymion.

"He hath made everything beautiful in its time."

Eccles. iii: 2.

"O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give:
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

Shakespeare Son. LIV.

I.

The Sense of Beauty.

THE "whence" of life is as inscrutable as the "whither." How did we arrive at the idea of the beautiful? The philosopher will couch his answer in language which is unintelligible to the average inquirer, having the effect of rather increasing than diminishing the mystery which surrounds the origin of life. Spencer says that beauty is "the progressive integration of 'psychical states that are connected in experience. * * * * Out of these excitations is composed the emotion which a fine landscape produces in us."¹

We are possessed to a greater or lesser degree of what the psychologists call "racial memory." We walk in places where our intellect tells us we have never visited before, and at the same time the impression pervades us that the scenes

¹ Spencer: Principles of Psychology.

are strangely familiar; a certain vague instinct connecting us with some form of pre-existence. The sense of peaceful security we enjoy in some secluded nook by the riverside; the feeling of domination we experience on the mountain-top; the emotive terror which overtakes us in our dreams as we feel ourselves falling over a precipice; the awe which actuates us in the presence of superior strength—all these suggest the involution of the joys or the sorrows of ancestral and primitive life. The tree which afforded the savage shelter and safety from the elements and from the tiger became invested with a certain associative beauty; the section of country which his tribe inhabited became endeared for the protection of its precincts. A band of Indians fleeing from the enemy after eluding him, sinks exhausted by the riverside, and, as with bated breath the fugitives observe the placid waters from their mossy banks, the chief voices the satisfaction of every soul as he exclaims, "Alabama!" "Here we rest!" Here the pacific spirits abide; this is the domain of peace.

To the primitive man that alone is beautiful

which has contributed in some way to his safety and to his well-being. It is certain that our preferences for certain kinds of food—meats, corn, fruits, vegetables—date from prehistoric times, as we may infer from a study of the staple food-stuffs of different peoples. Our predilection for the lily may have something to do with some long-forgotten fact. It was formerly thought that our wheat plant was a divine gift of direct creation; but the most recent conjecture is that it is a modification of the wild lily. Certain it is that we have forgotten much along the highway of civilization; and as the various sciences progress in their purpose of reconstructing the past for us, some things will come to light both startling and interesting, and the theory that the sense of beauty is associated with some form of utility will be more and more substantiated.

Says Gill concerning the fate of the Mangaians after death: "The spirits of these lucky fellows for a while wander about amongst the rocks and trees in the neighborhood of which their bodies were thrown. At length the first

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slain on each battlefield would collect his brother ghosts and lead them to the summit of a mountain, whence they leap into the blue expanse, thus becoming the peculiar clouds of the winter."¹

One can easily imagine the peculiar emotions the clouds would produce in such a people, and with what feelings of veneration other peoples who saw their god in the shooting star or in the rainbow would view these phenomena.

In the Celtic folk-lore three powers only were invested with divinity, and these were the powers that safeguarded life. PLENYDD presided over seed-time and harvest. ALAWN was the vocal deity, whose thunder tore the heaven, who pelted his liquid notes in the rippling stream, whose bass was heard in plashing cataract and pounding surge. GWRON was the god of war. Him they invoked in the day of battle, and if he were propitious they obtained a victory. Saturn, Vestra, Ceres, Mars, Bacchus, and a host of similar deities and their representatives afford

¹Spencer, Principles of Psychology (Appleton's) pp. 817.

us glimpses into the mental life of the primitive Greeks. That ancient fancy which peopled the woods with dryads, the pools with naiads, the earth with satyrs and the sea with sirens, which gave objective form to passions both base and pure, while the mighty Jove presided from his mountain-throne—this prolific fancy it is which still lends wing to the imagination; and while its trend is ever onward, its power is derived from the pristine past, when man lived the primordial and elemental life. For we must not forget that long before our ancestors became Christians they were pagans, with an immemorial past; and that despite the lapse of centuries and the power of civilization, the elemental selfishness of the brutish centaur and the divine magnanimity of the regal Jove; the mysticism of earth and sky and sea, and the mystery of the Delphic oracle still characterize our complex humanity. We are simply emerging out of barbarism, and we neither can, nor ought we to sever ourselves from the past except in so far as the brutish qualities are eliminated and the

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pacific attributes of our race are developed and exalted.

For though Delphi's oracle moulder to the dusky wind; though the gods are banished the groves; though Druid pile and Gothic altar, Phoenicia's Bel, and Egypt's Isis have vanished forever; still does the subtle influence persist in every act of worship; still does the sweet insense of their sacrifice linger on and abide in the emotional excitation of poet and priest and philosopher, and indeed in everything which contributes to the making of whatever is sweet and holy.

And what is true of the atavistic propensity of the eye and the ear is relatively true of the other senses also. There is a strong connection between the lotus and the leek. The latter is supposed to have been introduced into Britain about the year 1562,¹ but who ever stops to consider that when he is eating leeks he is feasting on the direct descendants of the Egyptian loti?

A recent writer² has said: "I shall never for-

¹ Encyclopedia Cambrensis, Vol. II, p. 292.

² Mr. Jack London: Before Adam, Chap. I.

get the first time I saw blueberries served on the table. I had never seen blueberries before, and yet, at the sight of them there leaped up in my mind memories of dreams wherein I had wandered through swampy land eating my fill of them. My mother set before me a dish of the berries. I filled my spoon, but before I raised it to my mouth I knew just how they would taste. It was the same tang that I had tasted a thousand times in my sleep." And thus it goes without saying that in the realm of ideas what excited and continued to excite certain pleasurable emotions became prized for its very capacity to satisfy these emotions. "Honor the palm-tree," said Mohammed, "for she is thy mother."

Consider also the associative character of the sense of smell. Gratiolet relates the story of "a little dog who, upon smelling a piece of the skin of a wolf, was seized with an indescribable terror."³

The sense of beauty in its savage form ranks next to the sense of self-realization. It expresses

³Th. Ribot: Psychology of the Emotions.

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the response of the soul to the experiences which arouse the passions. Thus it is that the Gothic architecture derives its ideas both of its vaulted roof and its dim and mystic light from the forests in which the primitive people were wont to worship. While the heritage of this sense is universal, the appreciation of it is manifested chiefly in two ways, which we may generally speak of as the poetic and the practical; the spiritual and the scientific. The one views the object in perspective, as, for example, a full-leaved oak tree at the end of spring; the other stands under the tree, examines its roots, considers the veining of the leaf, its form and its color; in short, he devotes himself to the details of beauty. Thus beauty is two-fold—extrinsic and intrinsic; the one sees a beautiful form, the other a marvelous anatomy; the first has regard to symmetry, the second to proportion.

The three dimensions of space are necessary to a true appreciation of both the symmetry and the proportion of the beautiful. The primitive man sees those things which vitally concern him

within the limitations of the life he leads. A child has no use for a landscape; give him something to hang by or a toy to play with; this will satisfy what of desire or appreciation is in him. The artist so adjusts his painting as to catch the eye of the critic along just those lines which reveal the course of the evolution of the artistic nature. For example, he knows that the eyes in the act of beholding travel from left to right. Hence that is where the picture begins, and the climax is arranged in the central foreground. The mind of the spectator undergoes a process of reconstruction; parts of the picture are selected—those which are most prominent—and when these are understood or partly so, an idea of the whole is sought for. Now we can by careful reflection discover in some way the development of the artistic function, but the instinct itself is as inexplicable to-day as it was in the time of Homer or of Moses. Thus we are constituted; we are so *because* we are so.

I strayed by a water-course the other day, and as I put my hand in the limpid stream numbers of minnows shot through the water like a sudden

pang. But they were so like the bed of the brook that if I had not disturbed them I might have failed to notice them. The polar bear is white as the snow of the Artic region. Thus does color lend protection, and thus does every constituent of beauty contribute to the promulgation of life.

Your intellect may lead you astray and your will may be tainted, but if you follow your instinct and be true to it, so surely as the hart by its quick sense will reach the water-brooks, thus will you, too, be brought nearer to your ideal of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

"I love not man the less, but Nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been, before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express."

Byron

II.

The Power of Beauty.

“**T**HE beautiful” has been defined as “an assemblage of perfections; qualities which delight the mind, the ear, or the eye.”

But when we seek to define beauty we feel as though we tried to summarize the infinite. A tint, a trill, a flourish, a glamour, an arabesque, an elusion—such at times would the beautiful appear to be.

You have seen her disclose her smiling face in the glittering gold of the waving corn; in the glory of a midsummer day, when lo! at the frown of the oncoming cloud the evanescent sprite is over the hills, and far away. Two pilgrims of the night-clouds meet at break of day, and smiling their love, are wedded by a ray of light in the temple of the daffodil. From her leafy bower, where “is quartered a regiment of

drawn swords," the queen of beauty raises her delicate face to the king of day. Such is the beautiful—the perfect touch of the Master Hand.

But beauty is not only a trill and a grace; it is a truth and a reality. It sounds the whole gamut of being. Never was there a more misleading maxim than that "beauty is only skin-deep;" it is inherent, not superficial; it is a property, not a polish; it is a constituent element of all creation. As fairer blooms appear where you have lately culled, so the face of the world receives perpetual rejuvenescence from the bosom of life. So that when we are asked to define this sense, we can merely reply that it is the habit which Nature has of arraying herself to best advantage; or the genius which God displays when he strives to impress himself in the material order upon the minds of those whom he seeks to lead into the spiritual realm. Nature is a parable of power; the touchstone of the intellect and the bride of the imagination. "For the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being per-

ceived through the things that are made, even his everlasting power and divinity."

The material properties of an organism can be reduced to a chemical formula, but life itself is an invisible and inestimable quantity. And yet it is just that which gives form to the measurable. It is the life which accounts for the organism, not the organism for the life. It would appear that herein is the weak part of materialistic philosophy. The tree is built by chlorophyll, but chlorophyll itself is but the vehicle of a certain invisibility which we call life. Ring out the strokes of the axe upon an oak tree until the edge is dulled, the handle broken, and your strength gives out, but come to such a tree in the springtime, and you will discover a subtle power at work surging with tenderness, flowing to all the branches, and causing the foliage to flourish anew. Come to the rose; you might think there is not much of power about it, and yet it has necessitated the combined operations of all nature to produce its delicate beauty. You can estimate the component properties of its petals, you can reduce its form to a for-

mula, but who can analyze that indefinable spirituality which itself is the beautiful? Every power is invisible; we see the copper wire, feel the propulsion, but electricity is invisible and inexplicable. God impresses us first of all by his power. As far as the term "good" can go, it is synonymous with "God." "How great is his goodness and how great is his beauty?" Goodness and beauty are forms of power. Beauty and goodness are derived from a common etymological source, (*bellus*—goodly; *bonus*—good). The terms are not exactly interchangeable because goodness is a part of the content of the beautiful. The term "beautiful" in philosophy occupies an analogous position with "love" in religion. In its ultimate signification the beautiful comprehends both the good and the true. These are qualities which, while they are distinct are inseparable. Arnold, we know, defined religion as "morality touched with emotion." But inasmuch as all genuine love necessitates a sound morality, that is to say, includes it and accounts for it, so the beautiful representing as it does the emotional content in

philosophy, comprehends both the good and the true. The quality first perceived in flower or song, in painting or personality, is that which compels our admiration. It is therefore quite admissible to say since our emotional nature comprises such a larger area than does our intellectual nature, that religion is emotion touched with morality.

The beautiful viewed from the point of utility is the good. The good viewed from the point of fitness or adaptability is the beautiful; but the beautiful is more than this — it is a perfection of power, a something which is all-pervasive and all-embracing.

Beauty, consisting as it does in a sense of exact relation, of due proportion, is naturally allied to the idea of truth. Nothing is beautiful which is not first of all true. It is something, then, which is beautiful from within outward, from center to circumference — not a painted apple, but that which is unfolded from the charming blossom. If there is beauty to a painted apple it lies, not in the thing itself but in our idea of it. The painted apple is the nearest approach to a

real one, to which our creative genius can attain. Thus also with sculpture and painting. The greatest artist is he who is most obedient to the heavenly vision; whose work is true and good according as it conforms to the ideal type of that particular expression he seeks to emulate. Genius is a matter of imagination and expression, and when both are found in a given quantity in a work of art, its greatness consists in the semblance of the divine creative power it imparts. Holman Hunt, after he had completed his picture "The Shadow of Death" in his studio at Jaffa, was waited upon one morning by a native deputation. After viewing the picture for some time, they were so wrought upon by the impression of reality it conveyed, that they asked to be permitted to touch it. "On inquiring the reason for this," said Mr. Hunt, "one of them replied: 'We want to feel what is the difference between the linen and the flesh, the sky and the shavings; we have seen it with our eyes, and we want to feel it with our hands.' I told him gently that I could on no account allow this, whereupon he proffered another request, that I

would turn the picture round and allow them to see the back of it. Again I asked why they wished to do so, and this time the answer was: 'We have been here twenty minutes looking at Mary and the Messiah from this side; is it not natural that we should see them from the other side?' " A greater tribute than this to the real merit of that celebrated picture can scarcely be imagined; for the artist had succeeded in imparting that sense of power of which he himself was possessed. The Christ which he portrayed in the carpenter's shop, whose shadow the rays of the setting sun cast in the form of a cross, was to him a real Christ, and his genius is marked in that he has made Him real to all who approach his picture.

This power while it captivates, does not, as we intimated, lend itself to any specific definition; and doubtless it is better so. For greatness in a work of art transcends all methods of accounting for it, as the blossoming vine transcends the laws of mechanics. It is one thing to learn how to paint; another to know what to paint. Angelo studied anatomy and manual technique, but who

taught him to carve the statue of David? Handel studied harmony and counterpoint, but how did he come to write the "Hallelujah Chorus?" Let him tell us himself in his characteristic English: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." It is said that poor old George III exclaimed after hearing it, "I could see the stars shining through it."¹

The genuine artist, then, is a man of vision, a man of sympathy, and of profound insight. He is the inspired exponent of the universal heart, and his masterpiece is verily "a power of God unto salvation." His genius is a supreme faith which explodes the conventions of mediocrity and sails into the empyrean; born of the Spirit, "it bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof but know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." But his power rouses us like the blast of a trumpet; his strains move us like the tones of the Æolian harp; his memory is green as the everglade, and the vision he has unfolded has afforded us a glimpse of the infinite.

¹ Great Composers: C. E. Bourne.

"O, Mozart! immortal Mozart!" exclaimed Schubert, "how many and what countless images of a brighter and better world hast thou stamped on our souls!"

When the fresco of the Last Judgment had been painted upon the wall of the Sistine Chapel, the critics said, "We quake in terror before the handiwork of Buonarotti."

Truly our souls must be most exquisitely endowed, since they respond so readily to the call of the beautiful, and surely it is a thousand pities that the great achievements of the world's mighty sons are so little known. Let us hope that in the near future their influence may come to cheer, not only the souls of the savants and the privileged few, but of all who respond to what is noblest and best.

We have read the story of the little Greek slave who upon beholding a beautiful statue representing an immaculate woman, ran home to wash her face, comb her hair, arrange her dress and return again to the statue to compare herself with the larger vision which the artist had revealed to her. Something of this nature hap-

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pens to all of us, when we come face to face with our ideal, as it is suggested in all forms and forces which God uses to appeal to what of divinity he has invested in us.

Macaulay describing a particular land said, "The beauties of that country are indeed too often hidden in the mist and rain." Of how many hearts may these words not be true, into which the divine ray cannot send its living power, where appreciation is still dormant, in which the sense of beauty continues to slumber, and who have not learned to say, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!"

Of old the voice was heard: "Awake, awake, put on thy STRENGTH, O Zion; put on thy BEAUTIFUL garments, O Jerusalem."

"The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup,
She pours her sacred wine."

Whittier: The Tent on the Beach.

III.

The Appreciation of Beauty.

THERE are three conditions necessary to the appreciation of the beautiful, namely, self-realization, expression and co-ordination. As we emerged from the nebula of childhood into the light of self-consciousness and realized personal identity, we discriminated between that which was ourselves and that which was not. We achieved this by singling ourselves out from the mass; and in doing this there was an interchange of forces and of experiences which entered into the fabric of our social life. But the more we come into this light of self as over against that of the community, the greater the isolation of our life. We are engrossed with the desire to impinge our individuality upon its environment; that is, we seek for our life the highest power of expression. This again is best realized when our diversified experiences are co-ordinated to the attainment of a particular pur-

pose; then our faculties are focussed upon the line of greatest resistance; when standing alone among the issues of life we seek under the stars or the vaulted blue for a solution of the problem of our personality, and an interpretation of our dreams. Then as we view our existence in virtue of our personal equation, we bring the past up to the level of the present, and from the hybrid mass of the sensations we feel, we select those that we understand.

By co-ordinating our experiences with the various dispositions of phenomena we arrive at some kind of theology, some explanation of the riddle of creation. Carlyle speaks of a poor Chinaman "who walked around his hut wondering why it was there, and what it was all about." Even he is more hopeful than the modern Englishman whom the same writer has described by saying that "of cosmologies and cosmogonies we have had enough. So that henceforth the creation of a world was no greater feat than the creation of a dumpling, concerning which latter indeed certain questions arise in regard to how the apples got in there!"

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To be blasé with Nature is to all intents to be divorced from her, and to be thus is to expose oneself to an apathy which, while it is partial death is a symptom of complete paralysis. For the fountain of inspiration is in the bosom of the universe, at the very heart of things, and he who is baffled by a sense of incompleteness is much better off than the man who has a smug satisfaction in the belief that the created order was made to fit his theory, or if otherwise, that no theory can fit it at all. We can exaggerate our self-importance and be like the proverbial fly Burke speaks about, which, "because it stood on the chariot imagined he was raising a tremendous dust!" But we cannot over-emphasize the importance of the life of self; and its value must be estimated in accordance with the character of the ideas which control it. Each man must justify his right to life by realizing himself to his utmost capacity in that particular universe of which he himself is the central figure. Nature with all her bounteous accommodation declines to do for man that which he is empowered to accomplish in his own right; and he on his part

should take heed that he do not abdicate the throne of his reason in favor of anybody else however great his authority. The right to do his own thinking is the divinest gift in his possession, never shall he know any court of appeal more ultimate than his own conscience; and while he may incur with great pleasure an increasing debt of gratitude to four thousand years of the thought of humanity, yet the supreme thought is that which is vital to himself. There is what Carlyle calls "the open secret," and this is patent to anybody who will take the trouble to discover it, and any dispensation which forces us to use our own eyes in seeking an explanation of the riddle of life, even though our preconceived ideas have been overwhelmed in confusion, is a blessed dispensation. Look out upon life, and tell us what you see, in your own words, and even though your accents falter and your heart fail you, articulation will come with repeated effort. Following the brooding of your own spirit o'er the face of life's deep, the cosmos will take place at last within your own soul, and the faculty of discriminating between the manifold perfections

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wherewith you are surrounded will go far toward determining the character of the mystery that enshrouds them. The conviction which simmers upon the fire of your own soul is to be much preferred to that which proceeds from another soul though yours be less mature; and the repeated action of your own intellect within your realm of vision will result both in truer thought and a more extended vision. In addition to this you will discover that every great thing finds a place in that vision. A man of vision never yet found cause to use whatever power he was invested with to another's detriment, for truth needs neither fagot nor fanatic to defend it. Herein lies the hope of humanity, that with the diffusion of knowledge, there shall be less of bigotry and more of forbearance and sympathy both in relation to the tenets of the mind and the ideals of the heart.

Ere there can be ideals of any permanence, there must come to us that faculty which enables us to select and separate this quality from that; in other words, the æsthetic function is the application of common sense in the realm of phenom-

ena. Taste is none other than the selective quality which distinguishes between the transient and the permanent, between the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly. It is a kind of sixth sense which is itself a synthesis of the other five senses.

This sense of taste brings us if we are normal, in a receptive attitude to the very bower of beauty. Here we find that though we cannot exhaust the content of the beautiful, yet the parts that are revealed are fraught with eternal significance. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

This content cannot be better expressed than by describing it as a perfect combination of sublimity and sweetness; and here, in truth, we have the very crux of our subject; for religion itself is nothing other than that faith which unites into a harmonious whole the ultimate properties of the beautiful, the good, and the true. The reflex effects of sublimity and sweetness are crystallized in a sense of awe and a feeling of affection. We cannot love the sublime nor yet fear the sweet; but in a combination of their properties we can do both. Awe without affection

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would mean slavish subjection: a very dominant feature as we know, in all savage religions. On the other hand affection without awe would signify superiority and condescension, a feeling which is insufficient to the exercise of the real character of religion. For even as the ethereal heights, the abysmal depths, and the vast expanses of space suggest to us ever that which is profounder than our comprehension, so is there always a thought which is as awe-inspiring as it is elevating, in the great and all-pervasive Presence whose power pulsates throughout all creation. And to the end of time must it remain as salutary as it shall be true to say with him of old, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Thus does awe hold us in subjection to the all-inspirinig idea of the Infinite; while affection enables us to appropriate the known qualities of the Infinite; and a knowledge of God in the operations of Nature, in the course of history, in the individual conscience or wheresoever, is not only a power unto salvation — it is life and fulness of life.

IV.

The Practice of Beauty.

IT is interesting to observe the æsthetic code of Koheleth: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time" — that is the larger universe, the macrocosm, "and hath set the world in their hearts" — that is the epitome of the universe, the microcosm — man!

Pope says: "The proper study of mankind is man," but man cannot rightly consider himself apart from his environment; he projects himself into the universe, and the universe becomes epitomized in him. His proper environment is God. "In him we live and move and have our being."

Man's views concerning God are briefly three: as a personality, immanent or transcendent; as both of these; and as a motion, power or force. "He hath made" implies personality in the efficient cause of creation, and while we do not wish to attach undue importance to these words, still

their direct simplicity attracts us. Many there are, we know, who revolt at this idea, preferring to adopt expressions such as Spencer's "infinite and eternal energy," or Mathew Arnold's "power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." We on our part must doubtless confess that these terms are more unctious than useful. We cannot transcend the limits of finite comprehension, and hence any figure we may use to express the Infinite must needs be inadequate. The Greeks adopted the circle to express the idea of infinity; another people might with perhaps equal justification use it to express the exactly opposite idea — that of circumscription. If the term "personality" as applied to God seems incongruous and anthropomorphic to the philosophic conscience, at least this much may be said: It is the most satisfactory we have yet encountered, and the trouble is not with the idea as much as with the expression of it. The syllogisms of materialistic and pantheistic philosophy may be as valid as the Decalogue; but they are not as true to human experience; and it is as possible to ride to hell on a syllogism as it is to climb to heaven by

faith. Ultimately we embrace that view of the world most in accord with our ideals. The great thing is to come into vital relation to that in the universe which inspires lofty ideals, and when at the heart of things you can recognize an energy, a power, a force — that which Jesus invoked as “Father,” then surely that which has proven essential in what of transformation this world has witnessed, has come to you. The martyrs did not, and do not, die for an idea but for an ideal.

Exquisitely clever is the classic couplet —

“All are but parts of one transcendent whole
Whose body Nature is and God the soul.”

But we remark that the “transcendent whole” is not equalled by its parts. The physician is greater than his skeleton; the architect than his architecture; and we have, as regards the Creator, not yet sufficiently mastered the anatomy of the “parts” to warrant such a tremendous juxtaposition to the “whole.” The transcendence of Pantheism is something like the immanence of

Theism, only observe ; All nature may be in God, but all of God is not in nature.

True, Theism may be traced to some form of primitive ancestor-worship, but even this is better than no worship at all. We cannot, as we remarked before, go far astray when we are true to our intuitions, and as Lytton said: "The instinct which prompts the question is God's answer to man."

We believe the world suffers on account of a great lack of appreciativeness, and that our daily life is in danger of falling into the prosaic. We need to insist upon a broader outlook, a more clarified vision in this work-a-day world. We believe "that God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek him." And if we have adjusted our eyes to behold the chameleon-tints of nature, we shall discern with Wordsworth :

"A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Such a vision cannot fail to purify the heart, cleanse the conscience, and imbue the spirit with a mighty fervor in relation to everything which is noble and exalted. For the manifestation of the omnipotent Presence is a pledge of the fulfilment of all our heart-longings and of all which the Ideal represents. How shall we attain unto the larger vision, save by utilizing the lesser? How shall we experience what the love of God is by any process other than the cultivation of that which is divinest in our own heart? Almost all the virtues and perfections which we predicate to the Creator are found, at least rudimentally in ourselves. The passion of love wherein the glory of God is supreme is that which never fails to lift man into the realm of the sublime. The sense of justice and the quality of mercy are alike protoplasmic in their origin, and the world is slowly feeling its way toward the realization of those ideals which we hold of them.

These properties of the soul are as inherent

as they are universal. Their development is imperatively enjoined, not only on the authority of Scripture, but by the very constitution of the social organism. We apprehend the love of God by loving, His justice by being just, His mercy by being merciful, and His purity by being pure. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Thus shall we come to understand the words of Jesus, "He that doeth the will shall know the doctrine." You shall come to know God in the ratio of your sympathy with the created order; You shall realize His fellowship according to how you can reproduce His attributes, and to the degree of your communion shall your perfection be.

How can anyone hope to profit by entering in at the pearly gates to the celestial city, to walk on streets of gold and to rest under immortal blooms by the crystal river, when his heart has been impervious to the beauties of the paradise of earth? And of what use could a harp of

gold be to him whom the harmonies of life have never thrilled? We are reminded of the quaint answer of that bereaved old soul, who, upon being told that her husband, lately deceased, was now playing a harp of gold in glory, said: "Alack-a-day, the poor man couldn't play a jew's-harp in this world, anyhow!" He who says to the proud little mother, "All babies are alike to me," is as likely to say, if he ever gets to Heaven, "All angels look alike to me." (And surely they will look as unlike him as can be imagined.)

The farmer plants a tree in the middle of the field and calls it a shade tree; and it stands for nothing but shade. But the Tree of Life has something other than shade. Twelve manner of fruits grow thereon, "yielding its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." Drooping lily, tolling blue-bell, and fadeless amaranthus are all one to him in whom the sense of beauty is unawakened.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

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The flowers have more than fragrance, they have grace and glory. They grow always in the garden of God, the emblems of liberty and love. Their smile is the same to the peasant as to the prince. They are passive in receiving, active in assimilating the free gifts of God, and thus are they clothed with beauty. Grace and glory are twin sisters, and they dwell in the temple of beauty. And this temple was not made with hands; no Hiram hewed its timber or dressed its stone. The secret of its architecture is in the bosom of the Father, and you must find the Father's bosom ere you are initiated into the mystery of it.

"Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'ed horn."

Wordsworth.

V.

The Solace of the Beautiful.

♦ **I**T matters not where you view life, whether in the gold or the gray, in the smiles of summer or the blasts of winter, the principle of beauty is all-pervasive. For the gloomy wintry day, though biting and cheerless, becomes warm in the rays of the noontide sun; and the sequestered life, spent in the bower of summer flowers, finds its heaven ever and anon o'ercast with clouds and swept by fierce storms.

Life is never an unalloyed pleasure, though none may approach the King clothed in sack-cloth; neither is it an unmixed evil if there is a sense of beauty in the soul. That distinguished traveler, Sir Walter Raleigh, upon being imprisoned in the Tower, used his restless energy in engaging to write a history of the world. From Bedford Jail came the ecstatic visions of the poor tinker, Bunyan, the riches of whose soul

placed an eternal offset to the limitations of his body. The prisoner in his dungeon has more than once found companionship in the little mouse which he has tamed; and when the little friend comes no more to eat the crumbs from his hand he is overborne by a sense of personal loss.

The story of the little dirty-faced man in the brown coat, which Sam Weller related to Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet, goes to show that the human heart has a wondrous power of adjusting itself and of finding comfort, even in the midst of adversity. The little man told the friendly turnkey that he had not seen the market for seventeen years, and such was the trust reposed in him that his wish to see it once more was graciously granted. Confidence met by confidence enabled the little man to have permission to go and come as he liked after that, provided he came back before the gates were closed. But one night he was late, and the turnkey said: "If you don't find your way back in regular hours, as sure as you're standin' there, I'll shut you out altogether!" "The little man,"

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said Sam, "was seized with a violent fit o' tremblin', and never went outside the prison walls arterwards." The Fleet, in the course of time, had become invested with a certain beauty for the little man in the brown coat.

The Russian has had a glimpse of the wonderful face of liberty—beautiful vision! radiant form! And the spectators are willing to march to Siberian mines, and become more heroic with every glance they receive of her. Garibaldi catches a vision of glorious Italy, and when they thrust him into prison, "What matters, Garibaldi," said he, "if Italy be free?"

Poor Beethoven composed a symphony in honor of Napoleon, who, he imagined at the time, was destined to procure the liberty of Europe. When the First Consul was made Emperor, Beethoven tore the title page, and stamping with rage, exclaimed, "My hero! a tyrant!" But the dream moved on, though the hero perished from it. Oh, who can estimate the far-reaching effects of beatific vision? Of Tennyson's—

"one far-off divine event

To which the whole creation moves."

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Of the prophet's country, where there is—

“peace like a river
and justice like the waves of the sea.”

Of “the better country, that is a heavenly,”
“where life's long shadows” are “lost in cloud-
less day.”

I stood by a newly opened grave—the body of a Finnish gentleman—distinguished for his accomplishments, but exiled from his country by the barbarities of the Russians—was about to be committed to the earth. A young man stepped forward through the snow, with head bared to the wintry wind, and spoke these few words to those gathered there: “Hermann was my friend from my youth; we were at the university together. He was a great lover of nature, and though his brief life teemed with privation and hardship, he was always happy because he loved the beautiful. The world was full of loveliness to him. Well, he is gone! Peace to him, and we shall meet again.”

A lady who had experienced a great personal sorrow related to Mendelssohn, many

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years afterwards, that when Beethoven heard of her bereavement he sent for her, and when she came to him, all he said was: "Madame, we will talk in music." "He told me in that way," said she, "all that could be said, and at last, I was much comforted." There is no one of any degree of appreciation but would be reconciled to much of the pain of life by such a gracious ministry.

Oh, to live, and love, to see visions and dream dreams; to hear voices from afar as of deep calling unto deep! This always; and to march with sure step to the abundant welcome of the "place of the dwelling of light."

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

— *William Cullen Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

"I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the elder bough;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and the sky;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye."

Emerson: Each and All.

"O Nature, gracious mother of us all,
Within thy bosom myriad secrets lie
Which thou surrenderest to the patient eye.
That seeks and waits."

Marg. J. Preston: The Question.

Interlude.

AS I slumbered, the Father sent an angel who faintly touched my eyes, and I awoke. Upon the bough which swept my window in the pencilled light of dawn, one of the Mother's angels carolled forth his matin service; and I, who in fretful mood had laid down my head, whose prayer had been for a token of good, felt an inward peace for the new-born day.

I arose and went out into the mystic light, and for the first time I became conscious of the two-fold revelation; that of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God. Strange that this idea had not impressed me before! But most surely this is so. Every organism is a binary product of the masculine and feminine.

If Adam was the son of God, who, pray, was his mother save God also? The prophet emphasizes this maternal quality when, speaking for God, he says, "I taught Ephraim to walk,

I took them on my arms, but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love; and I laid food before them." To those whose souls are in travail, whose lot is hard, whose hearts are bitter, come the words of Jehovah, "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad for her all ye that love her — ye shall be borne upon the side, and shall be dandled upon the knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

The beautiful, as it combines sublimity and sweetness, partakes of both masculine and feminine qualities. The fine and the noble, the handsome and the magnificent, denote the virile attributes of the beautiful; while the small and the tender, the sweet and the gentle, signify the more effeminate qualities of its content. No more disenchanting effect can be imagined than that of a character wherein these are lacking in their due proportion. Our soul abhors an effeminate man no less than a masculine woman. Take Absalom as an example of the former. This is the Scriptural description of him: "In

all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his *beauty*, from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him." What if Absalom had been born a woman? Or, what if

"the elements were so mixed in him
that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man"?—

David's tale had been far different.

Take Jezebel as an instance of the latter. She was a woman in whom the virile characteristics predominated almost to the exclusion of the feminine; the fires of whose passions were kindled on the altar of the intellect rather than that of the affections. Small wonder that the world cherished no tenderness toward a woman who in her own life deliberately eschewed that feeling. And as for the man whose sole distinction consists in his physical charms, in being what is sometimes termed a "pretty man," God have mercy on him! for when the yeast of his vanity shall have leavened the mass of his uselessness, and the crisis has come, Heaven cannot

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receive him and the world hangs him by the hair of his head!

Think rather of the glories of woman as they are illustrated in virtuous womanhood—in Deborah and Judith, in Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale; in Frances Willard and Queen Victoria, who, with fair faces and sweet spirits, with loyal heart and ministering hand, justify and fulfil the ancient description: "The King's daughters are all glorious within." Dr. Talmadge said: "My mother never made a missionary speech in her life * * * but she raised her son John, who has been preaching the Gospel and translating religious literature in Amoy, China, for about forty years."

Think of manhood as developing its own peculiar attributes in breadth of sympathy, depth of thought, prodigies of valor, and heights of achievements. A man like Hamlet—"of large discourse, looking fore and aft," and like that description in Othello, where Iago says of Cassio:—

"He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly."

While all the qualities we have named are more or less common to both sexes, yet manhood must predominate in those sterner virtues, and womanhood in those that make for loveliness and all charm.

Now this is where we were when we digressed, namely, that God's secondary perfections are those of motherhood; secondary, not in significance, but in the order of life and in the fitness of things, for procreation is a divine prerogative equalled only by the divine function of motherhood, and the priority is that which has reference only to time.

We are, I believe, far too oblivious of the charm of Natural Theology in these days. For, after all, the distinction between the physical and the metaphysical is more arbitrary than real. The stars belong as much to the geologist as to the astronomer, and the strata of the earth should be of some interest to the astronomer. Somewhere there is a picture representing Plato and Aristotle wherein the disciple, directing attention with one hand toward the earth and with the other toward the heaven, seeks to reprove

the master for his excessive tendency to speculate on the spiritual and the transcendental. If Nature be the Mother of God to men, and the divine Fatherhood is apprehended upon her bosom, then surely, when we love the one we shall also be loving the other.

Is there not a splendid exhilaration in the atmosphere of morning when the gates of morn are slowly opened and the soul is filled with hope as fresh as the opening day? The effect of lung power is great upon morality as well as on health. Not the brooding melancholy which possesses us in darkling solitudes under the silent stars, when physical reaction bids us seek for peace "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Rather the oxygenic possession, the full and deep conviction that now the night is spent and the day is at hand, it is time to be up and doing. Thus from the mind as from the earth, the brooding shadows have beaten their night's recessional, and the lark begins the liturgy of light and love.

Onward, then, where from the copse arose the sound of many voices in tuneful expostulation

at the earlier habits of other birds. Passing the brook, a trout splashed, and was gone within his magic circle. The music of the brook, while it enchanted, was beyond classification. The soul has not yet been born whose ear is delicate enough to discriminate between its infinitely diversified tones. Schopenhauer used to say that there is no passion which it was not in the power of music to reproduce—this probably because of the peculiar offices it has had to fulfil in the course of psychic evolution. It is said that the idea of pain is at the basis of all articulation. Alike the gas explosions which have resulted in cataclysms; the terror of hawk and eagle which have made vocal the pain of the birds; and the varied experiences which man has undergone during the plastic centuries synthesize those passions at the cost of which all things the universe over are in truth just *what* they are.

Following the heralds of the day in gold and silver chariots, the King himself emerges, clothed like Edom's Warrior, wearing blood-red garments, swaying in the might of his strength, "re-joicing like a strong man to run a race." The

beneficence of cloud and darkness, of silence and sleep, is now apparent. Little wonder that this magnificent sun-god stirs the pagan heart to adoration. A blessed privilege it is to enter into communion with the great and silent forces. To perceive with Moses the transfiguration of a landscape in the realization of God's presence, when, as we watched, the shaft of light became a tongue of fire, and the common bush was aflame with God. And with the vision comes the assurance that God is near—near enough to speak to us, and we feel we are standing on consecrated ground. Out of the silence orchestral voices peal forth the triumphal pæan: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, to men of good will."

O heart of man, how often hast thou courted the heavenly muse! and still of that wondrous grace and superlative charm, "the half was never told."

Since the first man stood spellbound beneath the stellar light, or gazed in wonder o'er the jasper sea, the inarticulate has clamored for utterance

and the divinity without has taxed the divinity within.

What more natural than that in the exuberance of fancy, when eyes are washed in morning dew, and hearts are exhilarated in the balmy air, the darkling pools of forest glades are haunted by the fairies? In such a mood did the illuminated psalmist realize the presence of Jehovah:

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? . . .
How precious also are thy thoughts unto me,
O God! . . .
When I awake, I am still with thee."

In balmy air and by morning-glory; in flaming bush and by flowering plant; in starry sky and silver stream; on saffron cloud and sapphire sea, the Spirit of God is omnipresent and omnipotent. And here, and everywhere, we, His children, heirs to visions and voices, breathing the ineffable, feeling the inexpressible and voicing the unutterable, press forward, healed in the act to the high calling of God.



Seasons of Beauty.

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"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection!"
Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice, Act 5.

"The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then all of a sudden—it snows."
T. B. Aldrich: Love's Calendar.

"Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the Four Seasons in four forms appear
Resembling human life in every shape they wear
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into man.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage,
Last, *Winter* creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face."
Dryden: Of Pythag. Phil. 15th Bk. Ovid.

I.
Spring.

75

"Now the bright and morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our song
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Milton.

"The year's at the Spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world."

Browning.



I.

The Awakening.

THERE is to the Saxon temperament, as indeed to most Northern peoples, a peculiar fascination in the anticipation of spring. A nameless atavism seems to carry him to that remote past when, under sturdy oak and spreading chestnut his ancestors celebrated the coming of Eastr, the goddess of light. Long before priest and crucifix had supplanted the gay carnival of Eastr by the majestic festival of the Resurrection, these Teuton hearts were wont to revel in the court of the goddess of Spring, whose dwelling was toward the sun-rising. Even when the solemn charm of Christianity had dispelled the primitive illusion, the Orient "passover" had no particular signification to the Ethnic mind. For so beautifully suggestive was their thrall under the spell of Eastr that when the Lord's resurrection came to be celebrated they still re-

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tained the festive spirit and the endeared name of their ancient divinity. And now on the threshold of spring, over and beyond the memory of life's bondage, in the paschal feast stands the great Easter gladness, when the light of life, after a brief obscuration, shines forth resplendently once more, investing the world anew with glamour and with glory.

Do you remember the wonderful moment when you came into the dominion of Eastr? A presence as of a disembodied spirit breathed upon you, a soft invisibility as of an electrified atmosphere enfolded you, and you were led from dingy darkness and sordid monotony into the realm of golden hope and precious promise.

You usher forth some morning, and, presto! the occult influence has pervaded you. Vague stirring of heart and mind as of a long forgotten habit possesses you; a wild and primitive impulse to strike the camp and be on the march; a seething sense of buried power bursting its prison bonds; a consciousness that a life-renewal awaits you; a respite of golden opportunity instead of melancholy idleness. A moment since, that was

a dismal, leafless bough you looked at, but the bluebird, blessed harbinger has perched there. Your step is once more light and your eye restful as you pass along the beaten pathway. The goddess Eastr is coming to her own ; her chariot, like that of Venus, drawn by doves, while in her train the birds bring back their interrupted songs. And then everybody and everything contribute to the celebration of her advent.

Now is performed the miracle of resurrection. Pinions flash in the sunlight, impromptu recitatives and festive chorale flood the ambient air. The sombre mood and the gloomy spirit depart ; weariness is lost in the zest for work ; tedium and listlessness (spite spring fever) give place to inspiration and delight. The tints of April blossoms are reflected in the careworn face, and corroding care is lost in the carousal of the spring-time.

O divine dawn, surpassing sunrise ! As mercury drinks the gold when the fine particles are hurried down the waterway, so is the soul of man forever drinking at the fountain of life all the

light which God can vouchsafe. "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." In such an atmosphere we cannot fail to awaken to the highest and best. Our souls respond to the light as to a native element.

"If there be anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from His hand, and therefore undefiled,
Nearer the gate of Paradise than we
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see,
And when they pray, God hears their simple prayer,
Yea, even sheathes his sword, in judgment bare."

R. H. Stoddard: The Children's Prayer.

II.

The Winsome Hour.

HOW sweet is childhood! God never made anything sweeter. Here we may see in the halo of innocent love: the Man of sorrows with no grief as yet in his tender heart; the woman who was a sinner ere sensuality had robbed her baby-face of its angelic charm; the boy of Kerioth ere the devils of spleen and desire had prompted the traitor's kiss. Most true are those eloquent words of "Adam Bede:" We may never recall the joy with which we reposed on our mother's heart or rode on our father's back in childhood. As the sunlight of long-past mornings is wrought into the rich mellowness of the apricot, so are the joys of childhood upon the face of life."

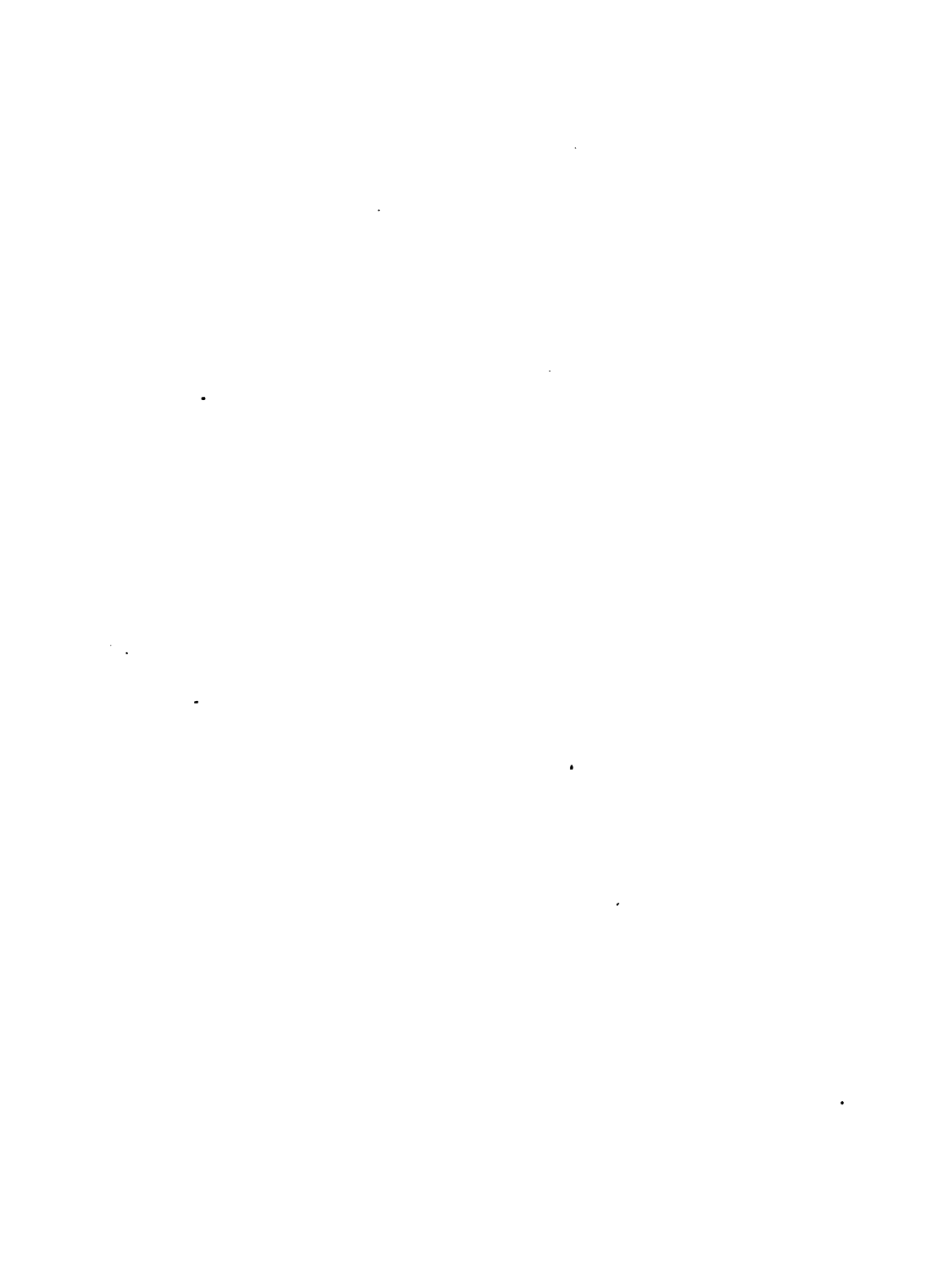
Blessed era of the joyous springtide. When the heart is pure and the spirit sweet; when the brow is smooth and the eyes sparkle; when

weakness is strength, and helplessness a bulwark of defence! Life also has its vernal season, the blossoms are out ere the leaves will grow to protect the blossom. As the great rugged rock seems to have been upheaved to the sky just to support on its giant shoulder the tuft of heather and the bush of gorse, so is strength the custodian of gentleness and the mighty the guardians of the meek. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," cites among the distinct contributions of Christianity to civilization the fact that it has set a sacredness upon life in general, and has safeguarded the child-life in particular. The kingdom of the Spirit is fashioned on childlikeness, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Childlikeness is a disposition to serve. The child delights to run on errands and realizes himself in the family according to how his services are in requisition. Not a task as yet but simply a treat.

And among the many scenes of pastoral simplicity which distinguish Christ as the Son of man, there is none more delightful than that wherein the child is put in the midst of the group of imperfect disciples, and the Master says:

"Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Small wonder that the symbol of discipleship should be projected more and more into the Christian consciousness. Peter, the adult, who seems typical of that spirit which is disposed to ignore the claims of childhood, is charged in the closing chapter of the Gospel narrative to "feed the lambs" if he would love the Lord. Who truly feeds the lambs shall have scant cause to be ashamed of the sheep.

O, winsome hour, when hope holds out a crown
on the mountain top, and faith reveals a mansion
in the stars!



"Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze."

Cowper: Tirocinium.

"O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true!"

E. C. Stedman: Betrothed Anew.

"It died so young, and yet
Of all that vanished hence
Is none to lingering regret
So lost as Innocence:
For whereso'er we go
Whatever else remain
That Favorite of Heaven we know
We shall not find again."

— *John R. Tabb: Atlantic Monthly,*

Jan. 1905.

III.

The Blossom of Promise.

ITS breath was fragrant among the flowers of spring. Why then was it cut down?

In the garden of God there flourished a family tree. (And I sometimes think the tree of life looks much like a family tree.) Many seasons came and passed, and upon that tree appeared nothing but leaves, like so many precious hopes. But one year there was a bud, which became an exquisite vision of pink and white, as if all the length of the faded seasons had been necessary to the making of its extraordinary grace. A lone Isaac in a world of boys, delicate, brilliant, and rare as the petal of the century flower. How the militant eyes of Abraham grew rapt at the transfiguring spectacle! His hands, strong and muscular, grew tender as a woman's in ministering unto him. He lived in him, and moved, and had his being in him.

Behold, now, then, this modern Abraham view-

ing the fading of the bloom of life! Oh, strange mystery, the tree became a veritable Mount Moriah, and the great sacrifice had to be made, while apparently there was none to help! O thou blossom of Paradise; hast thou fallen indeed!

I knew that father; perchance you know him too. For a while he travelled where I could not follow; and I feared he had been lost to joy and estranged from peace.

But I met him again, and his face was as the face of him who has beheld a powerful vision, and he wist not that his face shone. His subdued spirit and his mellow accents betokened the discourse he had shared with the Angel of Mystery.

He told me he had learned that as there is a beautiful joy, so is there a beautiful grief.

He thought the blossom had perished as its petals fell to earth, but his dream revealed the flower to him in its fadeless bloom. It was a passion flower — yes. And it fell — alas, yes! But its angel, who always beheld the face of the Father, took it as it fell, and laid it upon the heart of God.

The Dreamer

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"They said, Behold this Dreamer cometh"

— *Gen. 37:19.*

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of"

— *Shakespeare.*

V.

The Dreamer

THE Little Sinner sat, for a moment, bolt-upright in the pew, wedged between his father and mother, while the preacher pounded furiously upon the pulpit Bible.

"Is the man mad at us father?" said he sleepily.

"No, my boy, just listen, don't talk!"

"Ah, my friends!" continued the speaker. "I see some of you most unconcerned about this serious question. You think there is plenty of time; you postpone the inevitable hour when you must meet your God. And for you the great day of reckoning is at hand. You shall be put to shame before the angels of God; you shall call on the rocks and the hills to cover you from the wrath of the Lamb. And in that day who can stand? Who can stand? The heavens are already darkening, the doom is impending! Who can stand?"

The Little Sinner was by this time overcome with sleep, and he heard nothing again until the great congregation sang the closing hymn.

When the bright gas-light had been exchanged for the dim starlight, he felt that what the Man had said was terribly true. There was a sense of insecurity in the very atmosphere; the people who passed were like a procession of apparitions.

On high, a wicked-looking star twinkled suspiciously as though it were about to start the approaching smash-up by falling on people's heads.

The Little Sinner took a firmer grip on his father's hand.

"Do you think it is going to begin now, Daddy?" said he.

"What is going to begin, my boy?"

"What the Man said about the Judgment Day, Daddy."

The parents exchanged furtive glances.

"Not to-night, Little Man."

"But the Man said 'to-night,' Daddy!"

"Daddy" was perplexed.

"Oh, well," said he, "if we will be good and say our prayers, perhaps it won't come to-night Little Man."

So the mother heard the Little Sinner implore on his knees that God would "keep the rocks and the hills away from Daddy and my mother," that night.

The light was extinguished and the soothing voice bade him be good and brave. Thus he fell asleep, only to find himself presently in the open field under the darkened heavens. He was holding on for dear life to his mother's skirts, while she, poor soul, clung with frenzy to his father's arm. This was the end of the world at last, and oh! it was such a surprise to find that he and his father and mother were to be punished. Scorching winds were blowing and an awful trumpet also blew! Crash! there were stars falling, and horror! a great Pit yawned at their feet and a terrible flame shot up! On the other side of the Pit a white light was seen through the dim immensity revealing the shining walls of the Celestial City. But how was a poor

Little Boy to get his father and mother over the Pit without falling into it? Oh dear! that's what happened to him for falling asleep when the Man was telling him how to escape. Ah, wait a bit, perhaps if he fell on his knees God would carry them all over safely; but when the Little Sinner knelt the big red flame licked him and he was too scared to pray. People around were weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth, just as the Man had said. All except his Daddy. Daddy didn't cry, but he was very, very pale; and mother was crying all the time; crying over him and kissing him. Oh! if that big red flame might only stay away from them; if the warm wind would just blow it off from them. Next time it swings this way it must surely lick them up and pull them into the Pit. Here it comes again! Father and mother are trying to keep the flame away from the Little Sinner, but it picked him up, picked him up, way up, and down the Little Sinner fell — down, out of bed!

There was nothing beautiful about this particular dream; but when, almost before he could

raise a shout, he was lifted in his strong father's arms, kissed by his sweet mother's lips, and deposited for the remainder of the night between them in bed, he dreamed that he was a poor little white lamb whose feet had been caught in the thicket, and when he had cried a little bit, some kind man with a beautiful face and a very tall staff came along, and carried him inside his overcoat, back to his mother again. And the Little Sinner did not fall out of bed that time.

II.
Summer.

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"My eyes make pictures when they're shut:—

I see a fountain large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there,
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow.

A wild Rose roofs the ruined shed
And that and Summer will agree;
And lo! where Mary leans her head
Two dear names carved upon the tree.
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow,
Our sister and our friends will both be here to-morrow."

S. T. Coleridge: A Day-dream.

"The air of Summer was sweeter than wine."

Longfellow: Wayside Inn.

I.

“When Summer Comes Again.”

THAT which was small and tender has fulfilled our expectations concerning it. The light has lengthened, and the world is full of life.

Profuse wealth of leaf and fern; flowering shrub and perfumed clematis rioting in boundless extravagance; milk-white clouds scudding under sapphire skies, wearing fine linen to harmonize with the hazy purple of distant mountains. The goddess of beauty born of the waves shimmers above the jasper sea. Appollo crowns his head with laurel in the groves of Daphne.

In the morning dew-pearled daisies and golden butter-cups; sweet trill and soft flight of bright-plumed minstrels smile and cheer us to our noblest work; and in the evening the croak of frog and the cry of katydid seduce us into dreamy languor.

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O, wondrous season in a fair world; Who can describe its multitudinous charms? Its grateful shades, kaleidoscopic hues and siren voices; its gay plumage, sportive children, and glad song; its gentle breezes, nodding stems and multiform foliage; its languorous atmosphere, sweet repose and seductive charm; its sprightly gait, silvery laugh, and golden glory; the rich mellowness of its fruit, plum and peach, apple and apricot, luscious and refreshing on the sweltering day; the golden panorama of its ripening corn, capturing as it bends, the shimmering sunlight; the generous profusion of its magnificent life,—these are as streams of glory in an Arcadian paradise flowing from the fount of Arcanum.

Lovers frequent the lanes, poets apostrophize the landscape, philosophers discourse in the groves.

Halcyon days of summertime! Strains of the street piano and blasts of the German band flow in at the open windows of the numerous city toilers awakening, sometimes, a generous response, while the children on the sidewalk fall

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into the rhythm of the waltz and the two-step, little caring who "pays the piper." Trolley-cars laden with gala-day people whirl and hustle to the Sylvan retreats, nothing thinking of the wiles of the advertising man, and the stockholder, and the devil, so long as the world is gay and the heart is merry. The swish of the blades falls on the listening ear, and the abundant harvest rejoices the heart of him who, in the morning went forth weeping, sowing the precious seed. God-garbed nature and transfigured world. Essence of optimism; acme of hope!

The fields are white for harvest; the light of heaven is streaming; then let us "make hay while the sun shines."

"There is a spirit in the kindling glance
Of pure and lofty beauty, which doth quell
Each darker passion; and as heroes fell
Before the terror of Minerva's lance
So beauty armed with virtue bows the soul
With a commanding but a sweet control,
Making the heart all holiness and love,
And lifting it to worlds that shine above."

Bohn: Ms.

"I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith."

St. Paul.

II.

Keeping the Faith.

SUMMER is simply intensified spring; "first the blade, then the ear; then the full corn in the ear." Spring and summer are of one piece; one is the promise, the other its fulfillment. The blade gave place to the ear, but the ear was once the blade. If we retained the blade we could not have the ear. "When I became a man," Paul said, "I put away childish things." They gave place to their legitimate outcome, their logical sequence. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." The good man is always a big child; he has, it is true, lost his childishness, but he has retained his childlikeness. The dreams of Joseph, though his childish faults are corrected, are truer to his maturity than to his youth.

The note of joy characterizes every hour of God's summerday. "He maketh the outgoings of

the morning and evening to rejoice." The appropriations of faith are varied, but there is only one attitude, "diversities of ministrations, but the same Lord." Lucifer, son of the morning, fell because his spirit forsook him, and "he wist not that the Lord had departed" until his descent began and the judgment came. Oh, why do the sons of morning so frequently fall from their high estate! Why do they barter their shining light for a tallow candle? Why does the shoot of the cultivated vine so often bear wild grapes? Why does the summer so often enervate when it ought to inspire? Why do those who have started the "beautiful fight" so frequently lose the faith? Oh, out upon those who when their sinews are strong and their blood good, poison themselves in bootless search o'er moor and fen! Out also upon those who need a perpetual blanket in winter and a continuous awning in summer.

Unless the matin faith is joined to the vesper hope, the porch philosophy cannot be sound.

The pity of it! that the vernal green of the wheat should at last be choked by tares; that the

children of the King brought up on heavenly manna should have to feed on the husks which the swine do eat; that the face which once was wreathed in smiles should later blanch with terror or become brutish and hard. And why? Because we have not kept the faith!

In the morning we are permitted to gaze upon the crimson face of the sun in its setting of glistening clouds whose configuration is like the fretted pattern of a dream, fantastic and fascinating. Oh, that we might carry the charming grace of life's rosy morn into the heart and strife of noontide! Shall we not remember that time of silver splendour when earth and sky were one; when we said, and truly, that the morning star was our very own? Thus might we realized that even as the sun, when cloudland is passed covers himself with his own radiance; so when for us dreamland is over, and the gross materialism comes, let us remember this: The God we saw at sunrise, in bringing us to our own meridian, covereth himself with light as with a garment. For the Sun of Righteousness, like the sun of day, shines from the meridian of perennial flame!

The great of earth are men of faith. The skepticism which means diligence in inquiry is proper and right; but that which turns into line with Pontius Pilate, and makes a jest of faith spells disaster every time.

The artist is essentially a believer. The highest achievements are those which were realized in the light of a supreme faith. The artist knows better than to remain in a fog, when he can leave the dingy atmosphere for the clear mountain air, whence he can see the same foul mist shot through with violet and scarlet. There is no taint of skepticism in Ruskin. With all the fruitless questions which theologians haggle over, his Christology was as simple as it was sublime. "We never think enough of Christ as God," he said, "never enough as man." Of what use is The Ideal if there is a ladder long enough to climb up to it, and to resolve its beauty and its mystery within the limits of a newspaper interview? Keep the faith, man! "Whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;

if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things — and the God of peace shall be with you.”

There are certain tropical plants whose very shade is poisonous; there are certain pleasures which only cloy our sensibilities; and there is a skepticism which despite its plausibility blights the soul and kills its green hopes! Let your heart be the custodian of an immaculate faith, even though it leads you to the world's Calvary.



The stone was uneven and broken, and the letters were straggling and irregular, but the following fragment of an inscription was clearly to be deciphered:




B I L S T
U M
P S H I
S. M.
A R K

Dickens: Pickwick Papers, Ch. XI.

"And he hath on his garment and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."—*Rev. 19: 16.*

III.

The Engraved Mark.

“ N the top of the pillars was lily-work.” Summer signifies strength; its beauty is its goodness. Beauty spells health, and health is power. Here is unity of purpose in diversity of gifts. We say: “We have had a beautiful summer,” but every mark of beauty, every moment of grace, is contributory to the character of the season.

In human life, also, the summer is the day of maturity of character, and the beautiful world is the stimulus of the beautiful life. Disraeli said that “almost every great thing has been done in youth — the history of the world is the biography of its heroes.” They impressed their individualities upon their age, they gave a tone to their generation. Their character, after having been matured, crystallized in those events which have given impetus to the world’s progress; and humanity, having realized the pillar

of their virtue, has proceeded to adorn it with all manner of arabesques.

Considered etymologically, the word "character" means an impression made by a sharp instrument upon a hard surface. Hence, character may be considered as the totality of the impressions which endure in the entablature of life. Hence also, "Foot-prints on the sands of time," is not the most felicitous simile to express durability of character, for character tends to perpetuate itself. It is like the hands of Macbeth which "all great Neptune's ocean" cannot cleanse of their crimson stain; or like the cross of Christ, the blood on which marks the principle of immortal life. The chlorophyll which builds its emerald shafts from the heart of the acorn, becomes later the solid trunk of the oak of a thousand years. The soft glamour, the sensuous beauty of summer must be lashed into strength ere the forest can come into being. The soft substance of the coral insect, once it is petrified in the ocean, can never be the soft insect again. The sandstone and other kinds of rock used in building must be chiselled and sculptured when they are fresh

from the quarry and comparatively soft; for when the sun has beaten upon them for any length of time no amount of water can soften them again. Niagara Falls is formed because of the difference in character between soft shale and hard limestone. The shale below wears away while the hard layer of limestone retains its firm character.

Thus also are heroes made; by the power of resistance they possess, and even though Death like Hercules may split the rock, still shall Gibraltar be the world's watch-tower and its defence, and truly do we say of the overtowering character in history —

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Fossil formation takes place when the fossil substance is harder than its enveloping material. Similarly, a man of character is he who crystallizes his environment to his own advantage, transforms his surroundings, and wins for himself the qualities which inhere in an enduring life.

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The ancient Babylonians cut their inscriptions (which have been discovered in recent years) upon plastic surfaces of wax or of clay. Then these tablets underwent a hardening process whereby the plastic disposition gave place to the permanent. Now, whether the substance of life be considered as mold or as marble, character is that power which transforms it as the clay in the hands of the potter, or as marble in the cunning hands of the sculptor, both individualizing its material and perpetuating its essence. We must then take heed how we work. Let the strength that is in us be used as a power of resistance; let the marks we make be in accord with the spirit of truth and the law of grace.

The towering oak and the raging tempest are forms of power, and to every real power there is beauty. The sky is magnificent if there be but one star gleaming in it. The sky without the star would be dark monotony; the star without the sky would be an impossibility. If you have only vision enough to do one duty well, there will be a record of it in the over-arching heaven.

The will to do is the divinest of gifts; the

will is destiny in the making. This determines whether we shall be as the stars that shine or as devouring flames; whether we shall be "plants of renown, the planting of the Lord," or prickly weeds and poisonous plants. It is the power of the will in the grasp of our spirit which differentiates us into good and bad, and sheep and wolves. Herein result the wickedness of Beelzebub and the saintliness of Christ; the self-consuming ambition of Napoleon and the self-abnegating love of Paul. Character accords with life ideals, and in the last analysis character is a spirituality. The power of an evil soul is as the torch which reveals the surrounding darkness; while "the path of the just is as the shining light (R. V. the light of dawn—a growing light) which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "I bear in my body," Paul says, "the marks (stigmata) of the Lord Jesus." The marks of suffering, of sorrow, of persecution, of sacrifice; the brand of the soldier, the symbol of his King. That is why that for nineteen centuries Paul has been a man of MARK!

"At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman, who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out: "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, that wise old woman answered: "To have it back will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

Olive Schreiner: — The Lost Joy.

"God is not wisely trusted when declared unintelligible. Such honor rooted in dishonor stands: such faith unfaithful makes us falsely true. God is forever reason: and His communication His revelation is reason."


T. H. Green: Lay Sermons.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion of something afar
From the scene of our sorrow."

P. B. Shelley.

IV.

The Quest.

 LIVE SCHREINER wrote a beautiful dream concerning the vicissitudes of a man in pursuit of truth which was represented in the form of a bird. Bent upon catching the bird he endures untold hardships, suffers hunger and thirst in traversing burning deserts, and lacerates himself as he climbs the rocky steeps. Finally, when he was ready to die he finds a feather which fell from the wing of the bird of Truth, and it is made known to him that ere the truth can be captured a sufficient number of feathers must be gathered wherewith to make a net; and then perchance some day, someone may be fortunate enough to catch the bird in a net of its own feathers.

The dream suggests that the great Absolute Truth must come by way of the little truths. It is a significant parable, for all knowledge is rela-

tive; all science is systematized knowledge, and the intellectual like the moral ideal is forever a flying goal.

But we do not try to investigate the Absolute; we merely postulate it; and it is an intellectual necessity that we do so, and this necessity goes far to establish the moral probability that it is so. In spaces of the universe, particularly where there is no atmosphere, we are asked to believe in something which the scientist declares to be "luminiferous ether; a medium of extreme tenuity, assumed to exist through space. It is believed to be invisible, imponderable, exceedingly elastic and capable of undulations as it is being acted upon by light."

But our theory of anything does not affect the fact at all, and while both in religion and in science the Absolute is a necessity of thought, as a matter of fact we never expect to arrive at the whole truth of life simply because Truth is infinite while we are eternally finite. Suffice it for us then, that we shall ever have all the truth we can assimilate. "I have yet many things to say to you," said Jesus to His ignorant disciples,

"but ye cannot bear them now." Truth with Jesus is fidelity to fundamentals; firmness of foundation. The man who builds his house oblivious of these builds awry. Spiritual beatitude is based upon moral stability, upon intactness of character. "Other foundation can no man lay than hath been laid." A lie carries with it its own Nemesis, but "the truth shall make you free." The kingdom of heaven is "within you" and "among you." It is not OF this world but still it is IN this world; in the undeveloped moral nature, in the constant social intercourse, in the nebulae of human spirits. Harmony is the outcome of certain fixed relations. Peace comes by the practice of righteousness. Listen then to the prophetic voice: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Remark it, ye Russians! ye who fret under the burden of years, tugging at the chains which bind you in one feudal mass under the oppressor's lash. Con it, ye Congos, if by accident ye may have heard it, while with mutilated bodies and brutalized souls ye march to the Ogre's gain. Sing it, ye streams, as from the heights ye bring your crystal waters;

spread it, ye storms, which bring the revolution and the battle-cry: "The truth shall make you free!" Ye shall know that God is love; that life is a principle and an investment; that obedience is a prime condition of efficient service; that humility is an angelic grace; that selfishness is a scourge; that man is an imperishable essence; that duty is destiny; and that the sacrificial spirit is ever enshrined and adored.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of
water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also does not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Psalm 1: 3.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world. This was a man!"

Shakespeare: Julius Caesar.

V.

The Paradise of Personality.

LIFE" it has been said, "began in a Garden and ended in Revelation." But even in Revelation, life is still in a Garden. The Tree of Life is an ideal of spiritual vision, and the Tree of Knowledge (the same tree) the ideal of rational progress. This tree flourishes in the paradise of personality; the humanity of the man of ideals blossoms as the Garden of the Lord. The sensuous life seeks that which is "good for food" — those physical proclivities which pander to the lower nature. For though man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live without bread. The æsthetic life seeks that which is "pleasant to the eyes" — those mental activities which belong to our divine nature, and which enable us to derive pleasure and profit in the realms of literature and philosophy, of religion and of the fine arts. The ideal life

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is an attitude and a temperament, a spirit of appreciation in relation to our conception of moral excellence. It is a poetic life, "like a tree planted by the streams of water." The development of the interpretive or artistic faculty is an essential of progress. Hereby do we find:—

"tongues in trees,
And books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

While the faculty of vision is dormant at least in all normal beings the gift or the power of vision is given only to those who seek it. The "good in everything" only the poet and the man of faith can discern. In one respect it is well to say that this world is hard, and its conditions exacting; that the law which operates is that of the "survival of the fittest." But it is becoming more and more true under the process of natural selection in the history of human involution, that all are fit to survive; and that, with the various kinds of protective measures which applied science inaugurates, it is ever true that what of

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pain and struggle are incident to human kind are the conditions of a more abundant life.

"In the year that King Uzziah died," said Isaiah, "I saw the Lord sitting upon His throne." That vision surely compensated for the loss of a mortal prince, howsoever great he may have been. It is in fact the vision which raised the seer out of obscurity into the immortal light. It is that which imparted the passionate fervor and gave poetic insight to Isaiah. Not every one in a great sorrow catches the larger vision. There is an affection of the eye, called "hemiopa," the effect of which is that people see only half what they used to see before they were so afflicted; the half of a man; head and shoulders without the body, for example; or the lower part of the body minus the head and shoulders. There is assuredly such a thing as spiritual "hemiopa" whereupon a man may mistake the shadow for the substance; may see the cloud, but not "the bright light that is in the cloud." A pessimist may turn the beauties of summer into a text for a funeral oration. Some men there are who seem to suffer with a species of chronic disenchantment the effect of

which appears in the fact that erstwhile the martial strain would rouse them into enthusiasm and raise in them the wildest hopes;— now, alas! they are content to walk with solemn step to the cadences of a dirge into the shades of oblivion. A man of this class remarks upon weeds that are poisonous, upon insects which sting and annoy; upon the transient nature of all mortal joys, upon the childish fancies which build the sanctuaries of the skies. At last he comes to believe that there is nothing real but pain, nothing lasting but the sorrows of life, nothing truer than Nirvana.

• This morbid melancholy which the disillusioned soul breathes like an atmosphere is much more reprehensible than that which he condemns. There is much to be said in extenuation of the extravagant illusions of youth, despite the over-emphasis they receive, but nothing is more unjustifiable in normal life than this stark cynicism and this creedless gospel; nothing so unnecessary. For the mysteries of life no less, but rather more, than its patent truths are invested with great beauty; and man becomes really great only in so far as he is attracted by these mysteries.

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Napoleon used to say that a greater power than fate is contained in the word "policy." This is the method which, as we all know, Napoleon pursued in the prosecution of his vast schemes, but it is, perhaps of all others the most unchristian. But in so far as it served as a motive for action, a spur toward the unattainable, it accounts for what of greatness we associate with the Emperor's name. Infinitely greater in its potency than the word policy is the word "love," as much greater in truth, as Christ is greater than Napoleon. Indeed, it would be in perfect accord with the teaching of Christ to describe "mystery" as the very atmosphere of love, as in fact unappropriated love. As a rule "mystery" is not a word that the initiated use in reference to themselves;—the thirty-second degree in the Masonic Order is a mystery only to those who have not attained to it. Josh Billings says that "sum phellows see so much more in their girls" than he does; and again: "It iz a blessed thing that there ain't no rules, for it, (beauty) for the way it iz now, every man gits a hansum woman for

a wife." When there is love in the heart the object thereof is endowed with all the attributes of beauty. Isaiah, speaking for those who reject the Messiah, says: "There is no beauty that we should desire Him." To those, however, who know the love of Christ, who are initiated into the mysteries of His fellowship, and who have experienced its divine power, "He is the fairest in ten thousand and altogether lovely." Thus it is that the supremest possessions of the human soul come by the exercise of the affections. The earthly paradise as well as the supernatural vision, have this in common that the key to the mysteries of each is held in the power of love. This power puts us in the very heart of the vision, and we inhale and appropriate its mystery as we do an atmosphere.

Let it suffice us that we can say in face of all that seems dark and perplexing at the present stage of life that "all things work together for good to them that love God;" that we can hear a voice "like the voice of many waters" saying: "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And despite the hope

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that is deferred, the thought that is baffled, the pain that is ever present, the days that are dark, let us embrace the faith of Tennyson when he says :

“Yet I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thought of man is widening
With the process of the suns.”

This paradise of personality then, is THE REALM OF VISION, beautiful and picturesque “like a tree planted by the streams of water.” “Planted” — that is the heredity, “rivers of water” — that is the environment. This is true pre-eminently only of the man of pure heart and clean conscience whose “delight is in the law of the Lord.”

Physical evolution will never account for Jesus Christ. Some have sought to characterize Him as expressing in His unique life the religious genius of His race ; but of Christ it may be truly said, “He was not of an age but for all time.” This remark applies, of course, with varying force, to all the mighty sons of earth ; to Socrates in Greece, Buddha in India ; but it is pre-

eminently true, however, only of Christ; not on account of what He SAID as of what He WAS. He fulfills for "all time" that incomparable definition of God which He imparted to the woman at the well: "God is Spirit." The apostles interpreted these words in the terms of the Christ-life, so that for them the definition which most truly apprehended God described Him as a Spirit of Light and Love. And surely, notwithstanding the metaphysical difficulties which are presented in various Christological doctrines it is not to be wondered at that, for the religious consciousness, the Ideal Man as incarnated in Jesus Christ shall ever possess the value of God. The three parts of the definition find their maximum expression in the Saviour: "The words which I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are life." "The last Adam," Paul said, "became a life-giving spirit." "Jesus spake unto them saying, I am the light of the world." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

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That He in whom the virtues and graces of humanity so perfectly inhere, who in the days of His flesh glorified the spirit of self-sacrifice and "came not to be ministered unto but to minister," and whose favorite title was "the Son of Man," should in nineteenth century English be invoked in the noble lines which introduce the "In Memoriam" as:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

is to be accounted for, not on the ground that Christ consummated the genius of His race, but because in Him humanity is transfigured.

The ideal man is he whom God has planted in the heart of a spiritual universe, a universe whose reality is apprehended in the light of love. Heredity and environment have perhaps been over-emphasized in recent teaching for, after all, they are in no way supreme, the will being as we know, sole arbiter of destiny. It is here that Adam fell, not by reason of heredity or of environment. He had no father to carry on his back, no one to whom to impute his weakness, and when we read the beautiful description of his en-

vironment it is equally evident he had no reason to complain. But God help the man with a weak and tainted will; verily only God can help him! And this power is operative. Radium is the rarest of substances, but an amazing power is said to be stored in a very small quantity of it. So with faith: Jesus says that a grain of it will work as much transformation as if you uprooted a sycamore tree and planted it in the Dead Sea; in an environment, that is to say, where nothing WILL grow.

This kind of life is a constant "becoming," a perpetual promise, an eternal evolution.

And it is a productive life: The glory of summer is not to be frittered away in idleness; "it bringeth forth its fruit in its season." Selfishness is sterility. Goodness is not only good to look AT; it is good to look INTO; goodness is diffusiveness.

Christ said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." The purpose of the vine is not to produce beautiful branches, but beautiful fruit. "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." And as the power and the purpose of the vine

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are demonstrated in the perfection of the clustered bloom, so is the fruit of the spirit "in all goodness." The good man enjoys his gifts by sharing them; he holds a charmed life wherein the more he gives the more he receives. Neither his bread nor his cruse of oil shall fail him; by a look he can comfort, by a touch can he heal those who are oppressed by the ills of life. "Behold a man shall be a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land."

It is said of some soldier of the Civil War, that at the close of an engagement when the retreat had been sounded, seeing a wounded comrade shivering with cold as he passed, he pulled off his coat, wrapped it around the poor fellow, and ran onward. That night he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he had died, and an angel led him through streets of gold past pearly gates until in the distance he saw a vast white temple which they entered. Someone seated on the throne beyond was to his amazement attired

in a soldier's coat, and a voice from the throne said: "Don't you know me, William?" "No," said William, "I don't know you, sir; but that's my coat you have on!" And the Voice said: "In as much as ye did it — unto me ye did it." "The fruit of the spirit is in all goodness." The fruit of the tree of Life is — Life.

iii.
Autumn.

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"Falling leaf and fading tree
Lines of white in a sullen sea.
Shadows rising on you and me.
The swallows are making them ready to fly
Wheeling out on a windy sky
Goodbye Summer,
Goodbye!"

Song.

"And the autumn songs of the Poet's soul
Are set to the passionate grief
Of Winds that sigh and Bells that toll
The Dirge of the Falling Leaf."

Byron F. Wilson: Autumn Song.

"We all do fade as a leaf." Isa. 64:6.

I.

The Fading Leaf.

IF you had always lived,— say in Australia, I would advise you to go to Europe if you would see the Spring; but go to New England to witness the Autumn. I shall never forget the glory of that Autumn day — my first in America, (and I have seen much of America since) travelling rapidly between Fall River and Boston. The view through the car window was like that of a frozen sunset. Trees I had seen before, some of them spreading their octopus — roots over about a half acre of ground, their huge, gnarled branches thrown out as if to avert a calamity; leaves also of endless variety of green and russet in multifarious profusion. But no leaves such as I saw then! These forests seem to be the place where the sunset goes to sleep! I could not say whether the leaves had conspired against the glow of the sunset, and had robbed

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it of crimson and gold ; or, whether like wrestling Jacobs they had clung to garments of glory and been transfigured in the act of prayer, ere their trembling spirits departed and their delicate forms returned unto the dust.

Somehow it seemed a partial realization of that beautiful promise "Thou shalt see the King in His beauty, and the land of great distances.³ Well, the King has many palaces and some of the finest are in this great Republic of America. Certainly the House of Autumn is one of them, for there are many aspects of His beauty.

If this deluge of color signifies so many death warrants (like the ancient captive-king who insisted upon a golden fetter) it must be confessed that these myriad leaves shall die a glorious death !

Brave leaf, and blighted flower !

And as the days swiftly glide the wind moans in the trees, the flowers close their eyes in sleep, the gay-flecked butterflies faint by the wayside, the birds with song and harp start for other climes, and the sad beating of their wings seems like a solemn farewell. The leaves also languish

and die, and zephyrs perform their funeral obsequies.

And now the wind grows bolder; the stiff rustle of the corn sends its shrill piping upon the ear, awaking premonitory voices within the soul of man also: "The summer is ended," the harvest is home, and we are entering the lengthening shadows and the deepening gloom.

But, oh, it was a beautiful Fall, and we love to repeat again with gratitude at the blessing even if with regret at the sight of doomed beauty "Thou crownest the year with Thy Goodness, and all Thy paths drop fatness."

"We all do fade as a leaf." But do we live in that atmosphere wherein the leaf is transfigured?

We are overcome by a strange sadness when we in the ascending power of life realize that our fathers are not as strong as they were wont to be. A line here, and a shadow there upon their countenances testify that the inimitable impress of time is being laid upon them. The hair is shot with gray like hoar-frost on oleanders or blossoms upon almond trees. The familiar sparkle

dies out of the eyes ; the hand-grip is not as vigorous as in by-gone days. But we do not tell them these things. No ! And we would not thank anyone for reminding them of almond blossoms and sere leaves. They go about their accustomed duties, though they walk in the Autumn light ; a mellow light ; and perhaps the melancholy is all our own. For "there is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars." And there are compensating influences in every season of beauty. They have lived through the hey-day of youth, they have borne the weight and heat of noon-tide, they are fraught with a sense of duty done ; and now they stand in the light of eventide.

It must be a peculiar joy for them to sit in the shade of the vine and look upon you and me. For they have borne us on our way. They taught us our first steps ; they prompted in us the first lisplings of sacred speech. They watched us in our gambols, and participated with joy in our achievements. And as their hands imperceptibly relinquish their numerous tasks and the sound of the rustling leaves overtakes them, we can

think of them as saying what Wordsworth has
said for us all:

"Enough, if something from our hand have power
To live and move, and serve the future hour,
Or if, as toward the silent tomb we go
Through life, and death, and love's transcendent
bower
We feel that we are greater than we know."

"We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told."

Psalm 90: 9.

"An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."

Shakespeare: Richard III, Act 4.

II.

“What Is Your Life?”

THE porch chairs are carried in, and we gather again of evenings around the newly-lighted fire. The door is opened to admit a couple of father's old friends. We hear the sound of the wind among the leaves and feel the soft air with its suggestion of chill. Our little nephew is on grandpa's lap and occasionally enlightens our benighted souls on points of childish wisdom. And after some desultory remarks on the events of the day, the associative memory is opened. “Do you remember, John, in '63?” Yes, he remembers, and the story is started.

“We spend our years as a tale that is told.” Verily, we do. We can imagine how welcome in the tent of the Oriental is the story-teller. There he comes — illiterate novelist, prepared to enter as a guest into any circle in the desert waste, and furnished with every vain conceit which promises entertainment. Such is life; a thrilling story swiftly told.

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No story is ever fully told. No two stories are alike in every detail. Each recital is true to the general consciousness it may be; but the individual consciousness, the personal memories and idiosyncrasies present such a wealth of experiences that every story is just like a small craft sailing a vast ocean.

"What is your life?" What indeed! "A vapor," said St. James.

Vapor is poor stuff; yet when it is penetrated with light it is very beautiful. The peace of evening read and received through the medium of the sunset would be impossible but for the vapors of earth which exchange their garbs of gray and gloom for robes of russet and saffron, and purple and scarlet.

"A weaver's shuttle," says Job. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Yet not for naught did that shuttle complete its rapid work, for across the warp of gray is a woof of gold. An amusing tale. While the pathos of their life experiences has given a mellow tone to their voices, these old comrades have sufficient spirit to perceive the humorous side of most situations.

There is amusement which is healthful and welcome, acting as a relaxation from the strain of effort. Like the sportive breeze which plays with the leaves, trifles with the lilies and builds circular columns from the dust by the wayside, such is the harmless humor which breaks upon the corroding care and the dreary monotony of life's pilgrimage. We are, God knows, serious enough and our hearts become embittered soon enough. Blessed be humor! Let us therefore listen to the innocent innuendoes and join in the merry laugh while we may. This sense of humor is very part of a well regulated life. It makes our social intercourse tolerable, it enables us to unbend from life's daily tasks.

Ah, how delightful it is to listen to these old friends; how sweet and chastened is their spirit, how kindly the light of their eyes! They know how to sympathize with those who fall wide of the mark. "Time and chance happeneth to them all," they say. "Some people are born prosperous; some have to work hard for what of success they achieve; others seem exposed to every ill wind that blows." And when they smile at the

unreal or laugh at the grotesque in you and me, how well do they remember the extravagances of their own hopes, when the celestial gates seemed ajar, and the Infinite seemed but a day's march distant! As they sit in the soft firelight their minds go back even to childhood, when the way was set by terrors of their own creation, and ghosts walked the darkness.

Then came liberty and enlightenment in the wake of love. A tale of bright hopes, gay prospects, lofty ideals. The glamour of glory like a ravishing mirage hung upon hope's horizon, but they were decoyed, those youngsters, and had to suffer hunger and thirst like other mortals. They held what they thought were nuggets of gold in their hands, but in the crucible of experience they proved to be but common mica, and the "gold" evaporated into thin air. By the strength of their arms and the vigor of their life, they would build their house upon some sunny slope, where, bathed in morning light and steeped in evening glory it would have all faces to the sun. But failure came, and impotence held them in its cruel grasp. Their plans and specifications

were swept away on the crest of a wave in the swelling torrent, and when morning dawned they clung to some forlorn hope far out at sea; and when they came ashore again it was to walk in a vast howling wilderness.

What a multitude of experiences; what a labyrinth of difficulties does their tale unfold! But though despondent they did not despair, though torn by brambles and lost in tortuous paths, the star of hope burned aloft like the lamp of heaven. The angel of death had spread his dark wings over them, but the Lord of Life lighted their lamps.

And now they smile again, for smiles overtake the tears at the gate of deliverance, and that is where they came.

"A tale that is told"—but oh! the pathos, the power, and the promise of it.

We have listened and have sighed, but our little nephew is fast asleep, and his "wooly lamb" has fallen to the floor. The fire that cheered us is settling into ashes, and the autumn light is fading into night.



"A Basket of Summer Fruit."

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"Thus the Lord God shewed me; and
behold, a basket of summer fruit.
And he said, Amos, what seest thou?
And I said, a basket of summer fruit"

— *Amos 8:1, 2.*

"A word in due season is like apples
of gold in baskets of silver."

— *Prov. 25:11.*

III.

“Summer Fruit.”

BUT the Autumn season is not a period of quiescence, despite its pathos, on the contrary it is a time of intense activity. A great number of the world's achievements have been wrought in the mellow Autumn light. This is the coronation period, when the precious promises of earlier days are substantiated in the vision of a large opportunity represented by the luscious fruitage. The fruit not only bears the sum of all past effort, but also the hope of all future beneficence. April grew into August and grows out of it again.

“Nativity, once in the main of light
Grows to maturity; wherewith being crowned,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth then his gift con-
found.”

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August signifies superlative service, unparalleled opportunity. It is most aptly compared to "a basket of summer fruit." And next in importance to a vision of summer fruit is a vision of the basket which contains it. The one typifies the ripe and beauteous bloom of opportunity, the other the agency which emphasizes its perfection. The woven willows suggest the utility of life's afflictions; the clustered fruit signifies the transformation of heaven's light. The summer fruit attests the beneficence of divine Providence; the plaited basket bears witness to human co-operation. As the resultant fruit corresponds with the character and the environment of the plant, so does human effort determine both in horticulture and history the nature of the harvest season. The uncultivated harvest is fit only for a wild and nomadic race; civilization depends upon the farmer and the husbandman. The choicest summer fruit appears in the most cultivated life. He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind, and he that soweth to the spirit shall reap life everlasting. The basket of summer fruit shows both the con-

dition and the character of opportunity. Man must weave the basket; God will produce the fruit. When the horticulturalist strives to produce a finer grade of fruit, God lays the combined operations of Nature under tribute to assist him in his endeavor, and grants him success. The light of vanished days, the imprint of the shock of sudden storms are wrought into the delicate substance of pear and peach, of apple and apricot. So the heart under cultivation shall blossom as the garden of the Lord and the year of its effort shall be garnished with coronation gold. The man of mature mind who stands before an entrancing vision, must, if he would make the vision his own, bend to the willows, and weave from their trailing withes the means whereby the divine benefaction is appropriated.

For again we say that we are, largely, what we have willed to be. "What might have been" is intelligible only in the light of "What should have been done." Maturity is the period of the truest reproduction, and if there be in ripeness of days naught that is worthy of reproduction,

then is the autumn season sterile despite all its glory of leaf and bough.

The quality of last Autumn shall have an incalculable effect upon the character of this Spring; such is the counsel of maturity as it is invested again in youth. Youth is intuitive and impetuous; age is deliberate and analytic. Enthusiasm and reflection are, oftener than otherwise, antipodal and mutually exclusive. How precious then is the opportunity of the mature mind in its possible influence on the unformed characters of those about him! Well-chosen words, calmly uttered arising from careful reflection and out of a profound experience are verily "as apples of gold in baskets of silver." The keen analysis of age crystallizes into the wealth of nations, and acts as a corrective to the head-strong impulsiveness of youth. The imposing cluster of the human vine is a continual reproof to the wantonness of the wild shoot.

Hence is the summer fruit placed in a "basket" — not in a barrel. There are men of mature years who put their chances off until a more convenient season. They wrap them as it

were in tissue-paper, and store them in the cellar, thinking thereby they may treat summer fruit as they would winter apples. Summer fruits are not put into the basket for mere aesthetic pleasure because, with all their beauty they are perishable, and therefore must be used immediately. And further, it is not the fruit that is imperishable, but the man who appropriates and assimilates the fruit. Every opportunity affords us a vision of the larger life; but the larger life can never be ours save as we use the opportunity.

Out of the willows of Egypt Joseph wove a basket which held seven years of the more abundant life. It is ever so; we proceed through struggle to supremacy. The virtue of every vision is appropriated by the vigilance which gives heed to it. Some one has said that every year is a tree, every month a limb, every day a twig, every hour a blossom, and every minute a petal in the history of life's opportunities. The little opportunities of Spring, and the larger opportunities of Summer lead to the largest opportunities of Autumn.

IV.
Winter.
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"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death
And love can never lose its own!"

J. G. Whittier: Snowbound.

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I.

The Face of Winter.

CLOUDS brood o'er the blighted landscape; the darkening waters show no strip of sail. Few are the signs of life, such as the rapid flight of songless birds skimming the turbid deep. The roads stretch away into whitening distances, and leafless trees are silvered with the rime of morn. Prosaic telegraph poles are brought into undue relief like the innovation of a protracted discord into the score of an ancient master, the amateur knowing as little of rhythm as of harmony. The vast expanse of living green has faded into barren brown. The day is short, and a tang of frost is upon the evening air. The curling smoke from the chimney invites us to where the logs burn; and ere we sit around the hearth after the evening meal we walk to the door and to the windows locking them with ceremonial dignity.

The retrospective mood steals over us. For awhile we listen to the prattle of the children, or talk of the day's events. Grandfather removes his spectacles and tells us his recollections, inspired by the paragraph he has been reading. This is his hour, and from his armchair as from a throne he tells us the thoughts that have burned in him. Outside the wind begins to whistle and we draw nearer each other on the hearth. And as we realize how the spirit of the season is typified in him who gave us being, our reverence deepens, and we listen to him as to an aged minstrel who has left such experiences as ours far behind, though he has not forgotten them; who roams no more with the gay crowd under the broad canopy, but sits there brooding with a sweet melancholy over past grandeur and future hopes; his harp vibrant with memories, his voice tremulous with emotion, and his eyes luminous with love.

Anon speech languishes, the evening prayers are said, the mantle clock is wound, a quiet exchange of "goodnight," and soon the silence within is as the silence without disturbed only

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by the fluttering breath. O, eloquent silence! From the pillow we see the moon rise into the star-studded sky like a burnished shield against the onslaught of Erebus; like a captain of many talents in command of a myriad host. In this solemn atmosphere we seem to arrive at a better understanding with ourselves; our individuality looms out before us and we feel how insignificant is all our knowledge in comparison with all our ignorance. The moon watches over us like an Empyrean mother. Thoughts come which cause us to shudder, the moaning wind seems to mourn our lost opportunities, the shrieking wail seems to be that of a lost spirit; but the silver-gray light of the wintry night draws our gaze heavenward, above the shadows. "So He giveth His beloved sleep!" When we wake again we learn that what sounded like the piping of despair was in reality the tuning of the lute of life.

"O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art."

Cowper: Task.

II.

The Genius of Winter

PEOPLE living in the temperate zone are fortunate in the enjoyment of four distinct seasons. Ere we tire of one, we are ushered into another: from the promise of Spring into the passion of Summer; and through the pathos of Autumn we come into the peace of Winter; each season bearing on its countenance its own superlative charm. Not ours the perennial joy of the everglade, the perfumed atmosphere of the palm and the pomegranate; not theirs the chill challenge from the blast of Winter's trumpet. There are storms in summer skies and bolts fall from the blue; but the diapason of the passions and of life's experiences is reflected nowhere as in the temperate regions; where Nature having awakened and donned her beautiful garments, in the evening doffs them again, and finally, lies down to sleep.

The genius of Winter is retrospective and introspective, an action and reaction whose outcome is rest, peace, tranquility. Lawless impetuosity and blazing passion which so often resulted in pain to all concerned and to self particularly, have been qualified by a larger vision, a deeper sympathy and a sweet mellowness. The sensuous proclivities as of fairies skipping o'er the lea in the exuberance of irrepressible life, have been supplanted by a sublime spirituality. The turbulent waves having been breasted and the sea becalmed, the bark sails with a quiet dignity across the bar into the haven of desire.

But Winter is neither inaction nor sterility; it is repose, a condition which is the result of a balance of forces. It is not death which strips the tree of leaves; it is life! Even as we lay our outer garments off, and finally draw the white coverlet over us; so does Nature, after the melancholy lullaby — wherein the voices of the year, from the shrill treble of the tree-tops to the deep bass of tempest have been rehearsed — go to sleep under the chaste cover of the snow.

Nothing, indeed, does greater credit to human

nature than the feeling of sacredness we cherish, both in regard to the helplessness of infancy and to the holiness of age. And the relation between them from the vantage ground of seniority is one of unbroken unity. Often does it happen that when the stress of life's activities has been removed, the lights which shine from the realm of childhood across the vision of the old man make his mental life a peculiarly interesting psychological study. The joys of the old homestead, the companions and pleasures of youth; favorite authors and long forgotten hymns come to cheer him under the weight of years; and the effect is not so much a reversion to childhood as a renewal of youth. For in the well-regulated organism of the man who has never abused his physical powers, the brain is the last of the functions which atrophy in the lapse of years. It is estimated that, other things being equal, the brain should preserve its vigor at least until the hundredth year.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon—shall bring forth fruit in old age." The finest

oranges grow upon the oldest trees; the peeling is thin and the pips are less numerous; while the contrary is the truth in regard to younger trees. Landor wrote a book entitled, "The Last Fruit of an Old Tree," and it is conceded to have been the ripest product of his intellect. When Moses came to die we are told that "his eye was not dim, neither was his natural strength abated" although his work was done and his soul was weary. So there he stands a sublime spirituality silhouetted by the amber glow of the fading sunset. The light no longer streams—just filters; not so much from around, as from beyond, as if the creation had lighted a fire to light his path and cheer his soul o'er yonder skylines into the Empyrean! It is ever so; the pilgrim who started at the gates of dawn has traveled his wilderness with its stern tasks and its stirring romances, until he stands at last on Nebo's heights scanning on the far horizon the cloud-capped peaks of the Better Country; trusting that "at eventide it shall be light," not only for him, but also for those under his guidance. So with glance be-

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hind, and look beyond he is in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, for it means compensating rest ; and a desire to remain, for though it means endurance for himself, it means encouragement for others.

And so the suit is taken to a higher court ; and the Judge sets the prisoner free.

"Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all."

Shakespeare: Two Gent. of Verona, Act I, Sc. 2.

"I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by,
Look, how they come,—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days."

W. Cullen Bryant: Lapse of Time.

"And the sons of Aaron the priest shall put fire
upon the altar, and lay wood in order upon the fire."

Leviticus 1: 7.

"For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle
by day, and there was fire therein by night, in the
sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their
journeys."

Deuteronomy 40: 38.

III.

The Altar Fire.

IF you would know the comforts of Winter see that you have an altar in your heart and a fire kindled upon it. "The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God." If the altar be raised, and the kindling arranged, even though the waters of life have deluged it, it shall ignite, and the flame thereof shall warm you my friend, while you linger under the darkened heaven amid the damps of death. "While I mused," said the old pilgrim, "the fire kindled." A divine allegory it was that Jesus used when He referred to His body as "this temple." "Know ye not," said Paul, "that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost."

Ah! wondrous simile! To what use have we put the temple? Have we like a vandal Pompey

desecrated the Temple of God on the Mount of Aspiration? Or have we tended to the altar fires and kept the dim light burning? Does the angelic host sing the Gloria there; or do silent and gloomy processions march there to the echo of demon voices? Build the altar in the day of strength; let the lights shine in the day of grace, and when Winter's night arrives, you shall know how God can cause His Shekinah to gleam there in the Holy of Holies of life. You shall know that old age is unequalled by any other life-period for its unruffled repose and its spiritual delight.

Of old the temple was the custodian of all the precious things of life. Talents of gold and silver, heaps of precious stones; reams of sacred scroll were confided to its precincts. The temple was sacred even to the thief and the robber, and were it otherwise there were sentinels to guard the treasure. Oh how much of gold and silver and how many precious things are there stored in the temple of the soul? If by chance we are denied the pleasures of the world, what matters it

if there is joy within? If poverty overtakes us on our way, what matters it if we are rich toward God? Should our sight be extinguished, what of it, if in the mystic temple-light we may see those things which eye never saw? What though our hands be palsied and our body be afflicted, if we can be "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might?" O, thou almond-blossomed tree! thine is a strange beauty. "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness," for the way of Righteousness is "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Thou plant of Renown, nor sterility nor blight can touch thee even in thine old age! Thou shalt still minister of thy riches from thine obscure place.

Thine heart shall be as a vine which throws its tendrils in loving embrace on all around.

The city of thy soul shall be placed in the Beulah land, where thou shalt be wedded to thine eternal ideals.

Forget not friend, to furnish the Winter home. "Is not His word like a fire?" It warms and

it purifies; and by and by after the warping frosts, neither the fire nor the altar shall be necessary in the Summerland, "for God is the Light thereof" and the darkness shall have been extinguished forever in that region where the Sun has no "changeableness neither shadow of turning."

"It is an old belief
That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and Fate's control
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep
This hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so!"

"The lines themselves were often upon his lips to
the end of his life."

J. A. Froude, Life of Carlyle: Page 213.



L'Envoi!



WANDERER of life's wilderness ; prisoner of hope and pilgrim of the night ;
thou of weary heart and feeble frame
bending 'neath the weight of thy cross ; fear not
the night, behold ! the kindly light is there. Fear
not the vision of the dragon at thy feet nor heed
the sound of the rolling breakers ; for the enduring
vision is aloft "coming down out of heaven
from God, having the glory of God, and her
light like a jasper stone most precious." And
out of this sphere of conflict where so many of
God's wonders are ignored, but which thy soul
has appreciated, God will call thee to Himself.
Does thy heart bleed ? Do thy tears flow ? Fear
not, God will wipe away all tears. Then cometh
the laurel whose leaf shall not wither, the victory
which is infinite and the song which is immortal.

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